# THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

## Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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## Literature, Criticism, &c.

NO. II.

### ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

——— Ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis. *Hor.*

*TO THE EDITOR*

Sir,—I was conversing, the other day, with Clitus, an acquaintance of mine, in whom I discern some new point of ridicule, or some theme for reflection or animadversion, every time I see him.

He is one of those little minds, who, with a small stock of information, and scarcely sufficient energy to acquire more, set up for learned men, and endeavour to keep up their reputation by attempts at literary criticism, and by reading, not to acquire new ideas, but to enable themselves to decide with more dogmatical impertinence concerning the merits of authors whom they scarcely understand.

He had perused all the literature of the day, and was conversant with all the works which are incessantly issued from the press: he discoursed freely about their merits; but not one new view of any subject had he gained from them. All his powers of mind seemed concentrated in little grammatical remarks on pretended inaccuracies of style, or in strictures on detached passages. The scope and design of the author, the justice of his opinions, the accuracy of his statements, in matters of science and history; in short, the general character of the work, in the mean time, passed wholly unnoticed. These were things with which he meddled not. They were above his powers; and, as he read solely to find materials for conversation, as he conversed merely to show what he fancied was critical acumen, the improvement of his mind, from any of his studies, seemed an object wholly beneath his notice. Before he left me, he had made so many ill-natured remarks on works which it was evident he had not understood, that his singular and pedantic vanity, while it diverted, so far irritated me as to prevent me from resuming, with sufficient mental abstraction, the pursuit which his visit had interrupted. During a short walk, which I took to recover my thoughts and temper, the following reflections occupied me; and I pursued, with pleasure, the train of thought into which they lead.

We are become a nation of writers; work after work rushes from the press with awful celerity, "*occupet extremum scabies;*" authors seem engaged in a race, which, to judge from the speed with which they run, promises the most brilliant rewards to all who arrive at the goal. And this is not a race in which they endeavour to outstrip each other; in which each author, "*hunc atque hunc superare laborat*" in the excellence of his work: no, publication is the sole end of their labours; of the value of what they write they are utterly careless. The evident deductions from this fact seems,

1st,—That the remuneration which authors obtain is greater than it was in the last century, in nearly the same proportion in which our books exceed the number of those which were published at that time.

2dly,—That, to secure this remuneration, less pains are necessary on the part of the authors.

What follows from this? 1st,—That the number of the reading public has, in the same time, infinitely increased. 2dly,—That its character has been, in a good measure, essentially altered.

We are become a nation of readers. Let us now reflect on the cause of this increase in the number and change in the character of the reading world. Among the most powerful engines of this increase and change, and the most active stimuli to publication in general, may be enumerated book societies, which not only multiply, in more than a tenfold proportion, the readers of each copy, but ensures, for nearly every work that is published, a profitable sale. It has been calculated that the number of book societies in England would, without the aid of private purchasers, take from the printer a sufficient edition of any modern work to defray the expense of publication. These societies buy every thing: they read every thing. Works on subjects of science, which were heretofore confined to the library of the man of letters, are pored over with contracted brows and pouting lips, by ladies fair: they lie on the desk of the man of business, to be perused in every interval of leisure he can command: they may be seen on the toilette of the man of fashion, to refresh him after the labour of putting on his stays, or to prepare his mind to conceive a more sublime tie for his neckcloth. All are alike happy, if they can glean a few long words, or a few fugitive remarks, to adorn their evening's conversation. Men of research and learning are now seen perusing works of fiction or imagination, which would have been, a hundred years ago, thought beneath the notice of any one who pretended to the gravity of wisdom. Are mankind, generally, improved by so much reading? I fear not.

*Quam scit quisque suam libens exerceat artem.*

But we are likewise become a nation of critics: and this reflection brings me back to my acquaintance Clitus. Poor man! What advantage does he derive from the huge *tomes* which he peruses "with labour sore?" How many are there, who, like him, "read and study, and nobody is a bit the wiser?" How many seem to think that reading is acquiring knowledge; that, whilst they are perusing books, they must necessarily, and almost, as it were, inevitably be informing their minds? They need not use their judgment, to weigh the author's meaning; their reason, to determine his truth; their memory, to enrich their minds with new ideas, and to make his knowledge their own. No; according to their principles of action, "read and be wise," seems a precept as firmly grounded in their minds, and, *quoad* the first part, as tenaciously followed in their practice, as if reading and wisdom were inseparably connected, and as if they were certain to arrive, "*insudando libris,*" at the summit of human learning.

Let us not be like them; let us "noble ends by noble means pursue;" let us not underrate the value of intellectual improvement, and the cultivation of our mental powers, so far as to suppose that information can be gained, or the mind improved, by the mere exercise of the eyes unaided by reason. Let us "read and be wise;" not by reading only, but by reflection on what we read. To effect this, we must read with selection. We must not read, indiscriminately, all the works which issue, pell-mell, from the press. We must not peruse the ancient authors alone. By a judicious choice of the best, amongst books ancient and modern, and reading those written on the same subject, in proper order, much useful knowledge may be acquired and retained: but, amidst such an abundance, choice becomes difficult.

Let the general principles inculcated in Dr. Watt's excellent work on the improvement of the mind be followed, in the selection of such branches of literature as are most useful, both generally and in the particular course of life we mean to adopt. Let us add to these such other subjects as may coincide with our taste and genius, and the previous character of our studies. No man ever became wise by attempting to attain eminence in every science. For lighter reading, we should choose such books as, while they relieve the sameness of severer studies and charm the imagination, improve the style and raise our taste; let them be the works of authors renowned for a classic pen and correct judgment.

But we may do all this, and not "grow wiser as we read," if to this selection be not added moderation in the quantity, and meditation on the subject of what we read. To fix our attention more particularly, it is an excellent plan, either to mark in the perusal, or copy into a blank book, such passages as may contain matter for reflection, and to make these the subject of future thought; and, either to expand the idea contained in them, or investigate their merits. So shall we improve our style and enlarge our minds at the same time.

Such were my reflections, which were terminated by the conclusion of my walk, and which had recalled my scattered thoughts so far as to enable me to resume my occupation with pleasure.

I intend to follow the plan of animadverting upon such passages of ancient and modern works as may seem suitable in my course of reading; and, should I make any meditations which appear worthy notice, I shall, with deference, submit them to the reader's better judgment, at a future period. Z.

### LORD BYRON'S CHARACTER DENOUNCED FROM THE PULPIT.

The popular preacher of Holland chapel has, among others, considered it within the scope of his duty to denounce from the pulpit the character and writings of the late Lord Byron. Dr. Styles had previously intimated, that he purposed calling the attention of his auditors to this subject, and consequently a considerable degree of expectation was excited. On Sunday evening, the 11th ultimo, he fulfilled his promise, in the presence of an unusually numerous congregation. He took his text from the 4th chapter of Genesis, 9th verse, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—He commenced his discourse by noticing the attempts which had been recently made to propagate the doctrines of infidelity and scepticism. In lamenting the prevalence of this evil, he observed, that infidelity was a crime which had been early engendered among the posterity of Adam. It was remarkable that the first who had committed murder and fratricide was an infidel. The reference to this circumstance naturally introduced the character of *Cain*, the worst that had been sketched in the sacred page—not only the first murderer and infidel, but one who had rejected divine revelation, and insulted his Maker by offering a sacrifice that was not required. When surprised by the appalling question—"Where is thy brother?" he replied, in the language of defiance, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Having thus introduced

he subject, he proceeded to trace the progress of the crime of infidelity. He remarked, that, under the presumed guidance of genius and philosophy, men had sought to introduce what they considered the golden age—the triumph of reason over superstition; for such was the cant of the Satannic school. It was by assuming the garb of reason and philosophy that principles of the most demoralizing tendency had, from time to time, been inculcated by those whom he could not otherwise designate than as the enemies of God and the adversaries of mankind; they exclaimed in the language of the blasphemer, "Who is the Almighty that we should seek him?" It was the duty, he said, of all good men to summon their whole powers for the purpose of checking the advance of infidelity. It were easy to prove the inconsistency of this crime with truth and reason: the misery and despair it occasioned among those who were under its contagious influence were sufficient to carry conviction to every reflecting mind. The preacher then remarked, that a mournful event had recently occurred to which he conceived it was a necessary obligation imposed on him to advert—he alluded to the death of Lord Byron; mournful it was in one sense—we regarded with sorrow the sudden extinction of genius, for it was the brightest glory of the intellectual world. We followed rank and greatness to the grave with emotions of regret, but if genius was deadened, or shone with a disastrous lustre, and rank and greatness debased that order of society of which it ought to have been the Corinthian capital and ornament, our sorrow was converted into speculations on the designs of Providence in removing the possessor and abuser of such pre-eminent gifts. There was a generosity which inclined us to bury all faults in the tomb; it was a feeling that ought to be indulged, if the mischief arising out of those faults did not survive; but if an individual had lived only to scatter the seeds of moral pestilence, and died in the midst of his unholy exertions, it became those who were acquainted with the extent of the subtle poison he had circulated, to guard others against its demoralizing effects. Those who wished to counteract the pernicious system he had sought to establish or confirm, ought not to be deterred by the name or character of the individual—more was due to the living than the dead, and, although no man of good feelings would insult the dead, yet when it appeared that the deceased, while living, had associated his name with those of Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire,—as their memory had been attacked, nothing ought to protect him, who had made a mockery and a scorn of the most sacred feelings that could warm the human breast; and more particularly when his death appeared to have given a new impetus to the purchase and perusal of his works, and his mysterious productions were attempted to be made the standard of taste. Upon such an occasion, the public ought to be guarded against the moral evil that might be thrown into circulation. No truth was more evident than that great writers promoted the ruin or happiness of the people to whom their writings were addressed. If they strengthened the social principles—if, on a solid foundation, they reared a beautiful superstructure, their works should be placed in every library, and the embellishments of sculpture and painting should assist in conveying their fame to future generations; but if, like Lucifer, a son of light fell from his sphere, and carried ruin and desolation in his course, what ought to be our emotions when the career of such a being was arrested by the arm of Omnipotence? He pitied those who could be actuated by any sensations than such as would succeed the removal of a scourge and calamity. Thus far he had assumed the infidelity of the Noble Poet.—True it was, he had not, like the blasphemer, avowed in so many words the necessity of atheism; but, as far as it was to be inferred from the spirit and character of his writings, so far, it was manifest, he had endeavoured to diffuse the baneful and anti-social principle through the medium of his most exquisite and unrivalled poetry, and so far he was to be contemplated as one of the most decided and avowed enemies of social happiness. This was what he should proceed to establish; first, by that total alienation from the spirit and influence of all religion, which pervaded the whole of his productions. It was extraordinary that a man, possessed of his unrivalled talents, and splendid mental endowments, should so studiously have separated himself from every thing that was calculated to promote human happiness, and have adopted a discordant system of ethics, which, he must have been sensible, had uniformly and invariably been productive of crime and calamity. He must have been aware, that, for the purpose of opposing an antidote to so destructive a system, many things had been resorted to in the ancient world long before the introduction of the Gospel; that Socrates, Plato, and the most enlightened sages of antiquity had devoted themselves to this great object, but uniformly in vain; that the cause of human felicity had languished; that every means of applying a moral power had been found utterly inadequate, and that no lasting impression had ever been effected till man's best benefactor brought into action a system of religion as simple as it was purifying; that system of Christianity, the glorious evidence of which was, that it universally prompted and promoted the love of God, and good-will to mankind. It was an attachment to, or a variation from, its doctrines that stamped the character of a good or bad man. He who would blot the Sun of Righteousness from our vision was worse than he who, having seen the sun, exclaimed—"O, how I hate thy beams." In Lord Byron this disposition was to be found, not only as it regarded Christianity and revealed religion, but all natural religion; he had touched the boundaries of heaven, losing himself in the infinity of his rash speculations; but he had drawn no empyreal air. His muse had not wet his brows with the holy *afflatus*. His poetry evinced that he was as far from God as he was from every other kind of religion. In his works he had made frequent reference to Christianity. In the production he had left unfinished, he had protested that he had no where arraigned Christ, or introduced any allusion to the holy incarnation; but there was not a solitary idea throughout his writings that could associate his speculations or ethics with our religion. In vain would you look for meekness and charity. Whatever promises Christianity held out, he reviled and denied: if its ministers sinned, he never condescended to mark the difference between the crime and the creed. Was it a matter to excite surprise, that, when infidelity received the encouragement of such a man as Lord Byron, every warehouse of impiety should be constantly pouring forth its blasphemies? The second proof of his assumption, with regard to his Lordship's character, was the identity of his philosophy with that of the modern infidel school: it was the nature of that school to be dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and to promote innovation; under the mark of philanthropy it aimed at the destruction of all the charities of human life; the serpent's splendid garb concealed the serpent's venom. It was the character of true wisdom to be cautious, but the infidel was bold and presumptuous. It was fabled of Truth, that, at her birth, she had been hewn to pieces; the true philosopher endeavoured to collect them; the infidel would destroy every vestige of her existence. He was at variance with every thing in the shape of religion. The triumph of the Epicureans had been the presage of the degradation and ruin of the Roman State. The same principles in another form had excited that Revolution in a neighbouring country, which, after shaking Europe to her foundation, had produced only anarchy and disappointment. How much was it to be deplored, that so bright a genius as Heaven had bestowed on the Noble Poet should have been tarnished by principles of so demoralizing a tendency; he whose name might have gone down to posterity associated with those of Shakspeare and Milton. The third and less equivocal evidence of his character was his having endeavoured to remove all incentives to virtue, and all obstructions to vice. His earliest works had betrayed his impiety. Hopes had still been entertained that this erratic star would have returned to a more benign sphere. Alas! the illusion soon vanished. It had been the undeviating object of his existence to give a popular form to Atheism, and to speculations which threatened to dethrone the Almighty; throwing his impious volumes, like grenades, into the heart of his native city, regardless of the devastation they committed.—The preacher then more pointedly adverted to *The Mystery of Cain*, which, he said, he had attentively perused, in hopes of finding some one isolated passage which might extenuate the guilt of its author; but, after conceding every license to which poets were entitled, he considered it throughout as a work holding forth encouragement to the infidel. In this dramatic performance the head and the heart of every Christian were assailed; the delusions its perusal were calculated to create were of the most pernicious kind. Having dwelt upon this part of the subject, he expressed his hope that every exertion would be made to check the growth of infidelity; it was the germ of every vice; it armed the passions; to its influence was to be attributed the evils which embittered social life—adultery, seduction, the utter destitution of honour and integrity, the friend betrayed, the tradesmen defrauded, and the various other crimes of which it was parent. Poetry, he observed, was a fruitful source of amusement and instruction; by the combination of impressions it conveyed, the character of our youth was formed: it was our delight in early life, and our solace at a more advanced period.—No man was ever better qualified than Lord Byron to confer on the present age and future generations its advantages. Circumstances, in the latter period of his life, had occurred, which justified a hope, that, had Heaven been pleased to have protracted his days, he might have made an atonement for his unredeemed errors. His exertions in the sacred cause of liberty and the independence of nations showed that there was a spark within his bosom which a ray from Heaven might have kindled; but, viewing him as he appeared through his writings, he could only be considered as the corrupter of the public morals, and, therefore, concluded the preacher, it was his painful duty to denounce this splendid genius as the greatest enemy of mankind.

## Men and Manners.

### 'TIS FORTY YEARS SINCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CRANZ, BY L. MAN, OF LIVERPOOL.

*[Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.]*

A prince, whose dominions were not very extensive, but who was determined to enjoy his power to the utmost, had reserved to himself the exclusive privilege of hunting; and he watched with much greater care and anxiety over the welfare of his dogs, than over that of any of his other subjects. To the former he was a kind and benevolent master; but woe to the human beings who had the misfortune of incurring his displeasure. The best employments in the state were given to those who displayed most skill at the chace, whatever might be their other good or bad qualities; and the predilections of his Highness were so well known, that even young men of respectability submitted to the drudgery of forest service, in order to obtain advancement in other branches.

Such was the case with Adolph, the only son of a worthy officer, and the betrothed lover of an amiable woman: he felt no inclination for the rough and cruel sports of the field; but the favourite pointer of the Prince had been placed under his particular care, and the dawn of the morning found him prepared to join his rude companions. He cast a parting glance at fair Eliza's window, and he was delighted on seeing it open, but still more so on hearing himself addressed by his beloved. Her anxiety had not allowed her to sleep, and she could not think of letting him set off without a farewell. The conversation was short, but delicious, and it increased the young man's reluctance for the chace: the approaching chorus of horns admonished him, however, of his task, and he hastened to reach his post.

The Sovereign himself led his favourite Diana by a silken string to the meeting place, and he charged Adolph, on his life, not to let her go before the proper time. She had to perform a most conspicuous part in the prepared drama; and as no doubt of her abilities could possibly exist, it was the intention of the Prince to bestow upon her the honours of the golden collar before the close of the day. The peasants of a whole county had been put in requisition to assemble the inhabitants of the forest, and to drive them into the hands of the expecting hunters, who were armed for the attack with every species of missile weapons, and supported by all the experienced dogs, whilst promising candidates were placed near the scene of action, to profit by the example. Diana was among the latter, and Adolph's duty consisted in showing to her what was going on, without suffering her to take a share in the sport, until he should receive positive orders from the father of the country. The young man did his utmost to comply with the request, but, unfortunately, a wounded boar rushed upon him, at a moment when the general attention was directed to another quarter, and his cries for assistance proved unavailing: he defended himself in the best manner he could; but it was impossible to do this, and to watch Diana at the same time: the latter no sooner felt herself at liberty than she displayed her courage, by attacking the infuriated wild animal with all her might, and the relief came very seasonably for her keeper: he was thereby enabled to make a vigorous push with his spear, and to bury it deep in the flanks of the

enemy. This was hardly accomplished before the other hunters returned towards Adolph; they complimented him on his achievement; but, alas! their congratulations were soon changed into pity, when they perceived that the push had not been quick enough to prevent the boar from exerting his tusks at the expense of Diana, and that both the animals were expiring at the same time.

Adolph's intended bride was waiting for him in the garden, and she had already been visiting all the favourite places at which he used to meet her; she had wandered from arbor to arbor, and from the grove to the waterfall, until she thought it high time to expect him at the door: there she had stood for a good while, listening to every sound, and hoping every moment to hear the well-known beloved foot-steps, when suddenly an uncommon noise attracted her attention; it seemed to be in the direction of Adolph's dwelling; but Eliza could only hear cries, exclamations, and broken words: she hastended to learn the cause, and entered the house of mourning. God! what a sight! her own dear Adolph lay stretched on a bier, pale, disfigured, and bleeding; his mother kneeling motionless at his side, and not daring to cast another glance at her expiring son; whilst the father tore his venerable grey hair, and uttered maledictions against the tyrant who had thus dared to outrage humanity. The physician alone seemed to be collected; and, after having admonished Eliza to be collected too, he very quietly pronounced that the young man was dead. The frantic father caught the fainting maiden in his arms, and bid her to weep; but not for love, no! for humanity's sake. "Your Adolph is is gone," he said, "but what of that? he might have perished by a shot or by a fall with his horse, and I should have borne it like a man and like a Christian; but he is murdered, basely, cruelly murdered; not by the hand of an assassin; no, by the command of a monster in human shape; he fell under ignominious blows like a slave; he, the pride of my manhood, and the hope of my old age, pays with his own life for the life of a dog which he was unable to save. In vain we fell at the feet of the barbarian, and entreated for mercy, if not for justice: strike on! was the reply; and the minions of the villain were base enough to obey." Thus the father; but the physicians of the residence declared *unanimously*, that the young man had died of an apoplectic fit.

## Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; List of Patents;—to be contnued in a series through the Volume.]

### A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF TWO THERMO-MICROMETERS,

*Invented by Goldsworthy Gurney, Esq.*

[FROM NO. I. OF THE METROPOLITAN LITERARY JOURNAL.]

[*Concluded from our last.*]

The delicacy of the instrument is such, that if the hand be brought within a short distance of the bulb, the fluid will rise in the graduated tube several degrees. Mr. G. found an inaccuracy in one or two experiments arising from this cause. In one experiment he observed, that the spirit rose in the tube when the instrument was taken out of a fluid whose temperature he knew was higher than that of the atmosphere. On inquiring into the cause of this error, he observed that he had unconsciously placed his finger in contact with the *middle bulb* of the thermometer, in the act of removing it from the liquid; consequently the small portion of gas contained above the surface of the fluid in this bulb, was expanded by the heat from the finger, and pressed the fluid up the tube, as just noticed. This circumstance shows the care necessary to be observed in experiments with this instrument; and as it is possible that adventitious causes may act on the middle tube under some circumstances in experiments, however carefully conducted, Mr. G. covers this bulb with a thick piece of wood, which is itself a bad conductor of heat, and, therefore, prevents the possibility of small degrees of radiated heat from affecting this part of the instrument. The above circumstance also induced Mr. G. to construct another form of the instrument, in which this bulb is entirely removed. This form of the thermometer is represented in figure 2, above. The fluid, it will be observed, rests on the commencement of the capillary opening in the tube at the bottom of the bulb, over which the gas is contained. An expansion of the gas, in this case, will displace a portion of the fluid and drive it up the tube, as in the other form of the instrument: and for some experiments perhaps this will be a better construction; but when it is considered that the inside of this bulb will be occasionally wet by the fluid moving about within it, on a change of position of the instrument, &c. &c. the first will be regarded as the most valuable, and least likely to occasion inaccurate results, when provided with the guard above stated.

It may be worthy of remark here, that this latter kind may be made still more simply than the one represented, by introducing a straight capillary tube into a bulb, flask, or small matrass, of thin glass, to within a line of its bottom, and fixing it in this situation, by sealing or cementing the neck of the matrass to the tube at that part where it enters. A little fluid at the bottom of the flask, so as to reach a little *above* the level of the lower opening of this tube, will be pressed up through its bore by the expansion of the air or gas in the bulb, analogous to that in the others already described; because, after the neck has been sealed to the tube, its capillary bore will be the only opening from which it can escape from the bulb when the gas is expanded.

The delicacy of the instrument, in either of the forms previously described, will depend on the respective diameters of the bores of the tubes, when compared to the diameters of the bulbs. It may be made sensible to almost any change of temperature: in fact, as before stated, the thousandth part of a degree of Farenheit may be accurately read off, provided the principal bulb be painted black and filled with pure gas; its size, at the same time, being one inch and a half in diameter, and that of the bore of the tube being about a line. The instrument, when thus constructed, will indicate a change of temperature immediately on the opening or shutting of a door, in an apartment when the temperature differs but little from that without. If taken from an apartment in which there has been no fire for several days, it will show a difference of temperature on being taken into another under similar circumstances. In the open air it is strongly affected by currents; a fact which proves that the atmosphere is not of the same temperature throughout. This effect is produced when there is no sunshine; but in a day when the sun-beams occasionally break through the clouds, the effect on the Thermometer in a current is very interesting, arising from those portions of air, which, at a distance, have been partially warmed by the transitory rays of the sun strongly affecting the instrument when they impinge on its bulb. In fact, in the open air, on such a day, the fluid in the instrument is never at rest. In experiments on the temperature of *liquid bodies*, the results are still more interesting. For instance; expose different quantities of water separately in four or five glass jars to the open air, and at the same time it will be found, in a very short period, that the water in each vessels will indicate a different temperature—a circumstance connected with radiation—a fact hitherto only suspected.

The almost inconceiveable delicacy of this instrument, when added to the capability it furnishes of being employed in detecting the temperature of fluids, renders it one of apparently great value in scientific investigation; and particularly at this time, when so much is accomplished by the agency of heat, and when so much of our national prosperity depends on the success of our various manufactures.

It may be useful to state the manner in which the thermometer is filled with hydrogen or any other gas. All the atmospheric air is first driven out of the tubes, bulbs, &c. by giving them a heat nearly of redness; at this moment the open end of the tube is to be introduced into a jar (or, what is better, a bottle with a small neck) of hydrogen gas. The bulbs, &c. are now to be cooled as quickly as possible, so that the sudden condensation may draw up and fill them with the gas before it has had time to escape from the jar or bottle in which it is contained.

The coloured spirit is introduced by first pouring a few drops into the open bulb on the top of the instrument, and then displacing a few bubbles of the gas through it, by slightly warming the principal tube with the hand. As condensation takes place, the fluid will descend through the capillary tube, and ultimately into the middle bulb, to supply the place of the gas which has just been driven out by the expansion. The required situation of the fluid in the graduated leg of the instrument may be easily fixed by this means; for should it not fall sufficiently low, all that is necessary to be done is to warm the principal bulb a second time, so as first to drive all the fluid into the upper bulb of the instrument. The expansion is now to be increased a little more, so as to expel a small bubble or two of gas through this fluid. The hand must now be removed, and as a condensation of the gas takes place in the bulb, the fluid will again return and fall lower in the scale. This may be repeated a second or a third time, until the fluid stands at the point desired. If, by accident or intention, an excess of the gas has been driven out by expansion, the whole of the fluid will be drawn into the middle bulb, and any air (or gas, if a bladder of it be tied on the end of the tube) which may be necessary to balance the external atmospheric pressure, will bubble through the fluid in this bulb and pass into the lower one.

The scientific man will observe, that any change of temperature in experiment, however low, may be measured by this instrument. To fit it for measuring small changes of heat, at a very low temperature, the bulb must be placed in a freezing mixture, the temperature of which is previously ascertained; in that case a proportionate condensation would be effected, and the air or gas find its way through the liquid into the bulb, to preserve a balance of atmospheric pressure as previously described; and the coloured fluid would always rest on a point at the commencement of the capillary tube where it opens into the bulb, until any increase of temperature, from that in which the bulb has been introduced, is applied; in that case it would act by driving a portion up the scale as previously stated. As the gas never freezes, the instrument may be employed in the lowest possible temperature that art is capable of producing.

It is absolutely necessary, in the construction of this instrument, that the upper end of the capillary tube should be open to the atmosphere, otherwise no free action of the fluid can possibly take place; for if a large bulb be blown on the top, and hermetically sealed, it would not only prevent the free motion of the fluid in the tube by its elasticity, but being itself liable to be affected by accidental temperatures, would constantly oppose different resistance to that action, small as it might be, and therefore be the cause of constant error.

The various degrees of pressure of the atmosphere at certain times, on the other hand, may be opposed to the accuracy of the instrument, when it has its end open; this pressure, however, can always be known by the barometer, and may easily be rectified by calculation.

The evaporation of the coloured spirit may be adduced as an objection to the instrument. This inconvenience has been most happily removed by sir A. Carlisle, to whom the scientific world is already so much indebted; he proposes that a solution of sulphuric acid shall be exposed to the open air, until it has received or lost sufficient moisture to be in a state liable neither to evaporate nor to absorb humidity. In this state it is to be coloured and introduced into the instrument, as the fluid for indicating the degree of expansion. A solution of caustic potash, muriate of lime, &c. treated in the same way may be employed, but the former he considers the best fluid for the purpose.

### POLAR SEAS.

The theory that there are open seas round both the Earth's Poles, has received strong corroboration within the last few months. We have now on our table a letter from a naval officer at Drontheim who notices the fact that Capt. Sabine had good weather, and reached 80° 81′ north latitude without obstruction from the ice, so that the expedition might easily have proceeded farther had its object so required. And we have also had the pleasure to meet recently with a British officer, who, with two vessels under his command, last season, penetrated to 74° 25′ south latitude in the Antarctic circle, which is above three degrees beyond Cook's utmost limit. Here he found the sea perfectly clear of ice, and might have prosecuted his voyage towards the Pole, if other considerations had permitted. There was no field ice in sight towards the South; and the water was inhabited by many finned and humpbacked whales. The longitude was between the South Shetland Islands, lately discovered, and Sandwich land: this proves the former to be an archipelago (as was supposed) and not a continent. The voyage is remarkable as being the utmost South upon record, and we hope to be favoured with other particulars of it. At present we have only to add, that the variations of the needle were extraordinary, and the more important as they could not readily be explained by the philosophical principles at present maintained on the subject.—*Literary Gazette.*

## Poetry.

### TO THE WINDS.

What moaning spirit of the viewless air
  Sweeps by with melancholy wailing,
Telling a witch-like story of despair
  To night's lone echoes, o'er the hill-top stealing?
Hark how it swells upon the rising gale,
  In plaintive cadence wild; now dies away
Like Love's last whisper, or the stifled wail
  Of weeping orphan, on the hapless day
That saw it homeless, parentless, forlorn;
  Bereft, alas! of hope, and all that binds
The pining exile to his prison lorn!
  And now, careering on the mighty winds,
Hark the full chorus of the lofty hymn,
  Pealing harmonious an angelic strain,
Such as might well befit bright seraphim,
  Or soul redeemed, to higher regions ta'en,
With saints for aye to dwell. Tell me, ye mystic sounds,
  From whence proceed ye? say, from earth or heaven?
And where your limits, your allotted bounds?—
  By what unseen magician hither driven,
Viewless as awful spirit of the deep,
  That o'er the unburied corse in coral cave,
Chaunting the seaman's dirge, does vigil keep,
  His palace built upon the briny wave?—
Tell me, what are ye, that above, around,
  Unseen, while felt, breathe such mysterious awe,
As if the solid earth were fairy ground,
  And ye the genii eye of man ne'er saw?
Tell me—but vain I ask ye of your birth,
  Known but to God! and whence or where ye go,
Shall never creature of this lower earth,
  Child of mortality, be given to know!
And all I ask is this; that still ye bid
  Your harps' wild melody around me swell,
Till, the green sod my last and tranquil bed,
  Ye sound, ye moaning winds, my funeral knell!

*Liverpool.* G.

### *TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—Perhaps the manners of Manchester men may not be unfitting to your *Kaleidoscope*, which, like the toy from whence it derives its name, contains so much variety. I therefore send you the following sketch, which, though ill drawn, may perhaps be recognised as a faithful portraiture:

### SOUTHPORT *alias* NORTH MEOLS.

"The beach is plain, open, and level, and at this time is much used for sea-bathing* * * * The coast, as it retires inland, consists of a chain of barren sand-hills, which are now, and were probably then (Elizabeth's reign) used as a rabbit-warren.—*King of the Peak.*

"What! none aspire?
  I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.
  They spread in air
  Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind:
  The billows beat
  With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind."—*Young.*

As "part and parcel" of our native land
Might be esteem'd that far-famed desert strand,
Southport yclep'd—to which our gentle fair
At stated seasons of the year repair;
And busy burghers court a little ease,
From wonted toil, t' inhale the wholesome breeze;
So much of native manners here we trace,
Meet at each step some friend's familiar face;*

* Campbell.

That we do think it were not wrong if we
Did name it—Manchester epitome.
  Now is the month when cits incline to roam,
Grown quite uneasy, think of quitting home.
No sooner thought, than quickly they decide,
To throw their books, *pro tempore*, aside;
A sacrifice requiring all their force,
And straight to Southport steer their steady course.
Observe, we speak as suiting to the theme,
Though steering on the land most odd may seem:
But while the Pilot runs there thrice a week,
On such anomalies we need not speak.
And true it is, on board the Wigan boat
Their wives and families are soon afloat;
Along the smooth canal they sluggish *sail*,
Without one stitch of canvas 'fore the gale;
The hardy cockswain at the helm you view,
Sternly resolv'd to steer the vessel true,
Though lock and turn-bridge often cross his way,
And in his "north-west voyage" cause delay;
If not a "steamer," yet of *two horse power*,
Its passage speedy—just three knots an hour
From morn to eve; all dread of danger past,
At Scarisbrick bridge they safe arrive at last,
Where, like to claiming customs on the coast,
The hulk is boarded by a clamorous host
Of boys and Jarvies, lords of caravans,
Carts, coaches, jaunting-cars and shandry-dans.
Like *hookers-in* soliciting pell mell
To drive to Barlow's or to Clare's Hotel.
  Thus far the journey.—How shall we pourtray
The end of travelling forty miles per day?
The sweet approach, say how shall we report
To this "most fashionable gay resort?"†
Uneven pavement shaking out one's bre th,
Dismal and rough as Bunyan's Vale of Death,
And strangers for a time express surprise
When naught but sand hills meet their wond'ring eyes;
Anon the church the carriage *leaves in sight*,
The Hesketh Arms, and *Playhouse* to the right;
At further end of what is term'd "the town,"
The castellated towers of —— ——— frown.
On what, or whom? the thrifty sons of trade
Who hold abode in Wellington Parade,
And here, just by, on Coronation Walk
An odd divan of "new arrivals," talk,
Curious to know your quality or name,
What your profession and from whence you came,
Nay, absolutely stare at all they meet,
New faces pass and old ones faintly greet;
Though strange to all, still there's a busy few
Will ask "How's trade?" and "Pray what have you new?"
  The night pass'd o'er, at morn behold a band
Of lovely damsels troop along the sand,
Yclad in flannel dress of blue or red,
And oil-case cap, as covering for the head;
With joy they hasten to the blue marine,
And patient wait their turn for a machine;
And, *it is said*, those they prefer to call
Of "handsome John," and eke "sweet William" Ball!
Like to the Naiads, as we read at school,
They quick descend, and trouble well the pool;
Heedless of being seen by vulgar men,
They dash and splash, and splash and dash again;
And though these feats the grinning beaux discern,
They scorn to show a symptom of concern.
No further we pursue this luscious strain,
Lest we at least by some be deemed profane;
Though true it is, as almost all agree,
The men in sailing-boats are worse than we—
These navigators bold are most to blame
Who tack, and re-tack, without sense of shame;
"Keep within compass" not their maxim here,
The ladies' eyes the stars by which they steer!
Yet why condemn these *innocent* delights?
Who could help sailing by such floating lights?
Or while such fair Marinæ‡ held their stations,
Who'd think of taking *lunar observations*?
  Now, as retires the health-conducing wave,
The beaux depart to breakfast or to shave;
Meanwhile these sea-nymphs, or the glowing fair,
Haste to the toilet to arrange their hair;
*Après déjeuner*, early yet the day,
Only appear in simple *negligé*,
And as it is the custom'd "turn of tide,"
Engage the ponies for a morning ride,
(Alas! poor brutes, they're almost ridden to death,)
Or ramble up the sand-hills, out of breath,
And then run down without the least alarm,
Or walk to Churchtown, or to find "Lost Farm;"
Some to old *Harry* Rimmer's pleased will go,
And to his fiddle point the pliant toe;
Some look for shells, which here are very rare,
And gain th' advantage of the sea-side air.
The morning gone, they hasten home to dress
For early dinner (*militaire* the mess;)
Prepared at two at cottage or hotel,
Made known to all by ringing of a bell,
With whetted appetites—by man and maid
The welcome summons gladly is obey'd.
On this corporeal feast we will not treat,
But leave them for an hour or two to eat,
Pass onward, and decline the task to tell,
The joy of taking wine with every belle,
Or while old topers pass the bottle round,
Or some preferring billiards are found,
Straight to Miss Whiteley's *magasin* repair,
And chatter scandal with a host of fair,
To lounge or read, to ruffle or to view
The shells and kickshaws, (more polite *bijoux*,)
And while below the young ones lisp soft love,
Old dad is poring over news above;
Sometimes a few choice spirits here we find
Nobly dispos'd to please the public mind;
Raise a subscription for a pony race,
A sailing match, or treacle-dip the face;
Running in sacks—a crown for him who'll try
To steer a soap-tail'd pig into his sty;
An awkward helm all freely must confess
To prove the natives' nautical address.
Many have witness'd this superior sport,
And seen the porker piloted to port!§
  But lo! the evening comes, and now begin
The sports and pastimes of the world within,
And from these out-door games must now desist
As the old folks retire for rubs at whist,
While youth and beauty dress'd in flounce and frill
Haste to the ball, as they prefer quadrille;
Some to the play, which should not be despised,
Where th' School for Scandal is most scandalis'd:
With scenes like these diurnally they close,
At length out-wearied, cheerful seek repose.
  Each day with like pursuits is occupied,
Thus to pourtray them I have humbly tried,
And hasten now to lay the pencil down,
And, *via* Lytham, to return to town;
But such a rage for *Meols* the ladies take,
That Blackpool, Lytham, *toute-le-monde* forsake,
For such a name hath this said sandy spot,
That both, alas! are now well-nigh forgot,
And nought is left, a stanza to inspire,
Save Ellen Gillet and her red attire,
Her hat, her lappets, oh! the jolly dame,
She ranks the first and best of bathing fame!
Farewell, farewell! ye healthy sea-girt lands
Of star-hills, sea-gulls, sea-shells, shrimps and sands:
Thanks for our renovated health we pour,
May muscles, cockles, crowd upon your shore;
Turbot and cod and perriwinkle be
Procur'd in plenty from the Irish Sea;
To every cottage and to every inn
May strangers swarm, and all be *taken in*:
Thus adding yearly to your wealth's increase,
And to your hearth's true happiness and peace.

*Manchester, Aug. 5th*, 1824. GEOFFREY GIMCRACK.

† See *Wheeler's Chronicle*, for its occasional panegyric on this place and Lytham.

‡ Marina, a surname of Venus; would not *Anadyomene* be better?

§ Some of the pastimes, I imagine, are not to be found in Strutt; such as the elegant amusement termed treacle dipping, which, I believe, found its way here from some place in the neighbourhood of Bolton. For those to whom it may not be familiar, I add a short description. A large dish is placed on an exalted station, and into it is poured a quantity of treacle till about 3 or 4 inches in depth; a few shillings or sixpences are then thrown in. *Needy adventurers* then essay to dive into this silver mine and bring up the metal with their teeth; upon which, their faces are wiped with feathers, thus forming altogether a most *delicious spectacle*.
  In the last case the tail of the poor animal is shaved, and well rubbed with soft soap, so as to render it difficult of detention. Probably the arts and mysteries of these sports are so well known, that our notes may be unnecessary; suffice it, such are the intellectual entertainments provided for the recreation of idle tradesmen at Southport! They would, we think, be more in their place at a village wake, or even at Little London fair.

### WRITTEN WHILE CONFINED BY A LAME FOOT.

In dull confinement here I mope,
  And for more freedom pant:
I do not wish for boundless scope—
  A *foot* is all I want.

*Liverpool.* H. C.

## The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME VI.

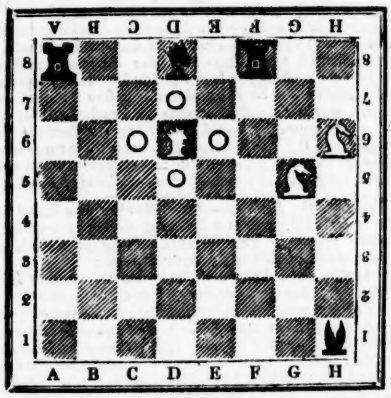
| *White.* | *Black.* |
|---|---|
| Knight.....F—3 | King....A—1 |
| Knight.....D—4 | King....A—2 |
| Knight.....E—2 | King....A—1 |
| Knight.....C—1 | Pawn....A—2 |
| Knight.....B—3+ | MATE. |

[NO. VII.]

CONDITIONAL GAME.

Checkmate to be given with a particular pawn, under particular circumstances. The white moves, and engages to give checkmate in five moves (neither more nor less) with the pawn D—5, without displacing the pawn D—7.

Black.



WHITE.

☞ Some novices in chess, upon seeing these kind of conditional games, very sagaciously discover that the checkmate may be given in fewer moves than specified; forgetting that it is not merely giving checkmate that is proposed, but the precise piece with which it is to be done. In the foregoing game, for instance, checkmate might be given in one move, simply by advancing either of the pawns C—6 or E—6 one square; but it is not so easy to give checkmate with the pawn D—5, without displacing the pawn D—7, which is the problem proposed to be solved.

## The Drama.

[SEE A NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

THE THEATRE.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Shakspeare was attached to music, it would seem, and so are we, provided it resemble as little as may be that of the theatre-royal, Liverpool. This, however, we speak with all possible respect and becoming deference; without impugning the taste of others, or wishing to obtain exclusive credence for the infallible accuracy of our own.—There are few subjects on which may exist a greater variety of opinion, and honestly, than such as embrace questions of taste. Thus, while some consider Mr. M'Gibbon an Apollo Belvidere, and Mrs. Aldridge a Medicean Venus, there are others who imagine differently of them. All cannot think correctly, and we are quite as likely as other people, perhaps more so, to think wrong. But it is our humour, sanctioned by high authority, "to write what we think, not what we should write;" and we are far, therefore, from being desirous of disturbing the preconceived notions of others by the promulgation of our own scepticism; availing ourselves, merely, of the same right of unrestrained thought, vested alike in every one.

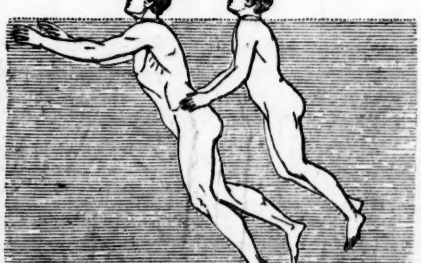
What! have we not Mr. Hunt and Miss Ford? Yea, verily. And are not *they* each in possession of the most eminent vocal powers? Verily, nay. What then are they? A lady and gentleman of rather prepossessing exterior, whose mellifluous throats emit infinitely more of sound than melody. Mr. Hunt should not sing any thing, if he hopes to inherit ought of fame, except "Pray Goody;" and Miss Forde we shall take especial care never to hear sing again. Well, but there is also Miss Cramer, and Mr. H. Bellamy too, both distinguished names in the annals of our opera. Of the former our opinion is certainly more exalted than it is of any female songsters we have this season seen and heard from the capital. She has taste, science, and judgment, and can *articulate* withal, a qualification most singers think quite superfluous; but her voice wants volume and mellowness, her acting dignity, and her elocution discriminative pathos. The disciples of Euterpe have, however, the very plausible privilege of disregarding dialogue, as poets have of contemning truth; and hence it happens, probably, that Mr. Bellamy, whose lungs are amply stentorian, disdains to separate his pretty ruby lips, save when the welkin echos his more than earthly stentorophonics. Gesticulation fares scarcely better than articulation with harmonists of Mr. Bellamy's consequence: but as this gentleman occasionally appears unaccompanied by the adscititious aid of sweet sounds, we take leave to suggest to him how very advantageously he might disburse a shilling by visiting Messrs. Maffey, from whose extraordinary automata Mr. Bellamy, *and some others of more than our theatre-royal*, would derive an instructive lesson on enunciative gesture.

The brilliancy of Miss O'Neill's renown now waves dimly in the sphere of which she once constituted such an irradiating ornament; and she who was wont to delight all eyes and rive all hearts, lives but in our remembrance as an agreeable dream, from which we awake disappointed, because simply a vision that luringly flits before us and straight is seen no more. In the full blaze of Miss O'Neill's celebrity she retired from the stage universally regretted. The bright sun of her professional glory sank effulgently beneath a matrimonial horizon, and shed a lustre on the altar of hymen that yet illumes her domestic happiness. Mrs. Bunn is, therefore, now undisputed mistress of the tragic field. In the sombre walk of Melpomene she is without compeer; nor as the heroine of what is technically termed the heavy drama, does her acting admit of successful competition. Biancha, Helen Macgregor, and Meg Merrilies, have no equal representative; Lady Townly we have seen performed by *Mrs. Davidson*. Comparisons, it is said, are odious; they may be so: but it is by comparison alone that we are enabled to form a true estimate of scenic excellence, and comparison pronounces Mrs. Bunn capable of proving herself to be, what she really is, at once, Mrs. Bunn and Mrs. Davidson.

*Aug. 16th.* THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

## Gymnasia.

NO. VII.



*TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—I trust your readers, during the bathing season, will allow me to propose a feat of marine gymnasia, upon which I set great store, as I had the satisfaction to preserve a friend from drowning by the means I am about to describe. I must, however, premise, that it is attended with considerable risk, especially if the person you venture to rescue lose his presence of mind, which is too often the case with those who are in danger of being drowned.

In the annexed sketch, the foremost figure is in the act of swimming, carrying along with him another person, who is borne up simply by applying one hand to each hip of his companion. It will surprise any swimmer who first tries the experiment, to find with what ease he can support a person attached to him in this manner.

Some persons try the experiment by placing the hands upon the shoulders of the swimmer; holding on at the hips is preferable, however; because, in that position, the the body and arms of the person to be borne along are wholly immersed in the water; in consequence of which, he loses so much of his weight as to be easily supported by the swimmer.

A person who cannot swim might easily be carried over a narrow and deep stream by this means, if he has sufficient presence of mind; but if he become embarrassed, and throw his legs and arms round those of his companion, there is a probability that both may be drowned.

I should recommend to your readers who can swim, to accustom themselves to this experiment in some safe place, (the Floating Bath, for instance;) as it is an excellent mode of extricating from danger, another person, who may be seized with the cramp, which deprives him of the power of moving his limbs.

In the annexed figure, the person who rests upon the hips of his companion is represented as passive, as he is supposed to be unable to swim: but two swimmers performing the experiment, may strike out together with the legs.—Yours, &c. ☞


## Advertisements.

*THEATRE DU PETIT LAZARY DE PARIS, DE MESSRS. MAFFEY, YORK HOTEL, TARLETON-STREET.*

THE LAST WEEK.

THIS DAY (Monday) the 16th instant, and every day during the week (Saturday excepted) a brilliant representation of HARLEQUIN PARROT, a grand comic Spectacle, interspersed with Dances, Metamorphoses, Disguises, beautiful Dresses, and changes of Scenery.

On Monday, the 16th, Tuesday, the 17th, and Wednesday, the 18th instant, a superb View of the CITY OF MOSCOW, an animated Scene, of exquisite execution, and of acknowledged fidelity.—On Thursday, the 19th, and Friday, the 20th, will be substituted the beautiful, picturesque, and maritime View of PORTICI, the Castle of his Majesty, the King of Naples. This view presents one of the most charming *coup d'œil* in Italy, and will be variegated with a number of vessels afloat, and on shore by numerous moving figures; with a variety of other entertainments, which will be detailed in the bills of the day.

Doors to be opened at half-past Seven, and the performance to commence at half-past Eight precisely.

*THE LAST WEEK OF LITTLE LYRA'S PERFORMANCE IN LIVERPOOL.*

IN compliance with many applications made, the Infant LYRA'S stay in town will be prolonged till SATURDAY next. The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed, that the Infant's engagement in Cheltenham precludes her from remaining in Liverpool longer than Saturday, and that, consequently, the intended Concert will not take place.

In thus announcing the Infant's departure, her Parents beg leave to offer grateful acknowledgments of thanks for the marked patronage which she has received since her arrival in Liverpool.

The Exhibition Room will continue open till Saturday next.—Performance to commence precisely at Two, half-past Three, and at Eight o'clock in the evening.—Tickets of admission, and bills stating the particulars of the entertainment to be had at the different Music Shops.

*UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE KING.*

THE Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed, that the ROYAL PORTRAITS are now exhibiting, by permission, for a very short time, in STOAKES'S ROOMS, Church-street, Liverpool. The Morning is preferable for viewing this curious and interesting Gallery, recently thronged by fashionable crowds in the Capitals and Cities where it has been on view.—Open from Ten till dusk.

ADMITTANCE, ONE SHILLING.

In addition to the numerous novelties which have been lately exhibited in this town, we have now to call the attention of our readers to the NATUROBAMA, which arrived here last week, and which will be ready for public inspection in the course of a few days, at the Large Room, bottom of LORD-STREET. This Exhibition, which consists of a combination of Dioramic and Cosmoramic Views, possesses considerable merit, and is one of the most splendid and complete that we have witnessed for some time; and this accounts for the unusual success which attended the Exhibition in London. We understand that it cost the proprietor upwards of £6000 to bring it over to this country.

## The Phœnix.

*A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected (which, my former Notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful Friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice.*

THE AUTHOR THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

[*Continued from our last.*]

57.—A CONSTANT WATER-FLOWING AND EBBING MOTION.

An ebbing and flowing water-work in two vessels, into either of which the water standing at a level, if a globe be cast in, instead of rising it presently ebbeth, and so remaineth untill a like globe be cast into the other vessel, which the water is no sooner sensible of, but that vessel presently ebbeth, and the other floweth, and so continueth ebbing and flowing untill one or both of the globes be taken out, working some little effect besides its own motion, without the help of any man within sight or hearing: but if either of the globes be taken out with ever so swift or easie a motion, at the very instant the ebbing and flowing ceaseth; for if during the ebbing you take out the globe, the water of that vessel presently returneth to flow, and never ebbeth after, untill the globe be returned into it, and then the motion beginneth as before.

58.—AN OFTEN DISCHARGING PISTOL.

How to make a pistol to discharge a dozen times with one loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite, or to change it out of one hand into the other, or stop ones horse.

59.—AN ESPECIAL WAY FOR CARABINES.

Another way as fast and effectual, but more proper for carabines.

60.—A FLASK-CHARGER.

A way with a flask appropriated unto it, which will furnish either pistol or carabine with a dozen charges in three minutes time, to do the whole execution of a dozen shots, as soon as one pleaseth, proportionably.

61.—A WAY FOR MUSQUETS.

A third way, and particular for musquets, without taking them from their rests to charge or prime, to a like execution, and as fast as the flask, the musquet containing but one charge at a time.

62.—A WAY FOR A HARQUEBUSS, A CROCK.

A way for a harquebuss, a crock, or ship-musquet, six upon a carriage, shooting with such expedition, as without danger one may charge, level, and discharge them sixty times in a minute of an hour, two or three together.

63.—FOR SAKERS AND MINYONS.

A sixth way, most excellent for sakers, differing from the other, yet as swift.

64.—FOR THE BIGGEST CANNON.

A seventh, tried and approved before the late King (of ever blessed memory) and an hundred Lords and commons, in a cannon of 8 inches half quarter, to shoot bullets of 64 pounds weight, and 24 pounds of powder, twenty times in six minutes; so clear from danger, that after all were discharged, a pound of butter did not melt being laid upon the cannon-britch, nor the green oil discoloured that was first anointed and used between the barrel thereof, and the engine, having never in it, nor within six foot, but one charge at a time.

65.—FOR A WHOLE SIDE OF SHIP-MUSQUETS.

A way that one man in the cabbin may govern the whole side of ship-musquets, to the number (if need require) of 2 or 3000 shots.

66.—FOR GUARDING SEVERAL ADVENUES TO A TOWN.

A way that against several advenues to a fort or castle, one man may charge fifty cannons playing and stoping when he pleaseth, though out of sight of the cannon.

67.—FOR MUSQUETOONS ON HORSE-BACK.

A rare way likewise for musquetoons fastened to the pummel of the saddle, so that a common trooper cannot miss to charge them with twenty or thirty bullets at a time, even in full career.

'When first I gave my thoughts to make guns shoot often, I thought there had been but one only exquisite way inventible, yet by several trials and much charge I have perfectly tried all these.

68.—A FIRE WATER-WORK.

An admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upwards, for that must be as the philosopher calleth it, *Intra sphacram activitatis*, which is but at such a distance. But this way hath no bounder, if the vessels be strong enough; for I have taken a piece of a whole cannon, whereof the end was burst, and filled it three quarters full of water, stopping and scruing up the broken end; as also the touch-hole; and making a constant fire under it, within 24 hours it burst and made a great crack: so that having a way to make my vessels, so that they are strengthened by the force within them, and the one to fill after the other, I have seen the water run like a constant fountain-stream forty foot high; one vessel of water rarified by fire driveth up forty of cold water. And a man that tends the work is but to turn two cocks, that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and re-fill with cold water, and so successively, the fire being tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks.

[*To be continued.*]

## Chit Chat.

*Mysterious Harmony.*—The following has been communicated to us by a professional friend, the last man in the world whom we should think of charging with credulity. He says, in an accompanying note, "I can vouch for the accuracy of the enclosed, for I know all the parties to be of the greatest respectability, and incapable of making the story:"—"Died at Charlton, near Cheltenham, on Friday the 30th ult. Thomas Barton, Esq. in the 72d year of his age. One circumstance attending the last solemn hours of this regretted gentleman's death occurred, which is too interesting not to be recorded. Just at his last struggle, began a voice, more melodious than any that was ever heard by those surrounding the mouraful scene; it seemed to fill the room with a *psalm tune*, continued till he expired, and then ceased. There were four of his respectable relations in the room, and all exclaimed together, 'Who can be singing?' The sound was very loud, yet no one in the house except the four heard it, though all the doors were open. This is no fiction; four people could not all fancy it, and whilst they live the heavenly strain will vibrate on their ears."—*Provincial paper.*

*Rousseau's Three Things Needful.*—J. J. Rousseau always regarded gentleness as the first quality in woman. Whenever he heard any one boastingly detailing the qualifications, talents, and charms of any young female, he used to place a few ciphers one after the other, and then concluded by asking, "Is she gentle?" If the reply was in the affirmative, he then placed it before the number of ciphers, according with the value he attached to this quality. Sometimes he would ask, "Has she then the three things needful?" His friend well knew these three things on which he set so great a value; they were a sweet voice, a sweet temper, and a smooth skin.—*World of Fashion.*

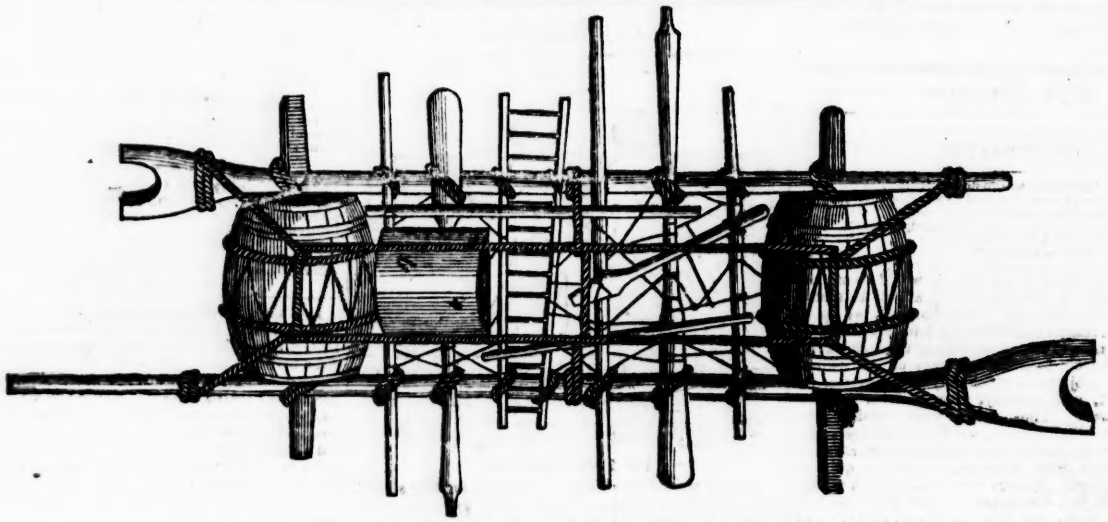
*Touch of the Sublime.*—The following is a literal copy of a speech delivered at a debating society in one of the western towns of Pennsylvania. Corporal Trim's eloquence was no touch to this master-piece:

"Well—the subject to be excussed is, whether ardent spirits does any good or not. I confirm it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days, they lived to a most numerous age, so that I think that whiskey or ardent spirits don't do any good. (Long pause.) Well—the question to be excussed is whether ardent spirits does any good or not; so that I conclude that it don't. (Another long pause.) I can't git hold on the d——d thing."

In one of the articles of a benefit society at the west end of London, the following description of persons prohibited from becoming members thereof is inserted, namely, "No lawyer, or lawyer's clerk, or any other *dangerous* artificers!"

## MR. EVANS'S RAFT FOR PRESERVING SHIPWRECKED PERSONS.

No. III.—See *Kaleidoscope*, last but one, p. 37.



# Correspondence.

## THE O'MULLINGONIAN SYSTEM;
### OR, ADDRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF LIVERPOOL.

The top of the morning to yees, my darlings! My name's Mr. Terence O'Mulligan, Esquire, and may I never be after seeing that jewel of a place, sweet Tipperary, never no more, if I arent after feeling the highest felicity in addressing your honours, all three both together; for ye look as rosy, be my hod! as our one cow Paddy on a May morning. May be now I needent be after repateing the swate name myself got, when parson Paddy Whack, Esquire, splashed me in the blessed buttermilk—for there is'nt a pig, or a cat, or a prato in all Ireland, be the powers! but what takes off their hats and says "Mr. Terence O'Mulligan, Esquire, Sir, your honour's worship's most beautiful sarvant." "Arrah!" then says I, "get out wid your blarney, and don't be after intruding on my studiorum, studiarum, studiorum: accusative, his studio; vocative, O! stude! ablative, ab his studiidibus!" But, as myself was telling yees, in himitation of the divine Heroditus, Paracelsus, Lampsachus, and other luminaries of the ancient world, I opened a college in the swate city of Tipperary, for to be after giving the wild Irish a taste for the ambobus, ambabus, ambobus, the nec sinit esse feros fidelitor artes of philosophy; and, be the powers! I've succeeded beyond all calculation. Ye may talk of yer culinary system, and yer drill system, and yer solar system, but they are all blarney, be me hod! and vanish, like a jingle trotting three miles an hour, before the O'Mullingonian, which has set fire to all Ireland. Thunder and turf! thunder and turf! but its beautiful! Whizzing, by the Hill of Howth! whizzing the whole thirty sciences through and through every mother's son of them, like a glass of rum!

Now may be ye'l be liking to hear a small touch how I goes on.—Arrah! can I do better than give yees an extract from my address to the citizens of the bogs of Kilkenny, where a hundred thousand bull children are ready to verify that I've taught 'em lots of boderation in a jiffy:

"Citizens of the bogs of Kilkenny! be as mute as thunder now, and I'll tell ye all about it in the squake of a bagpipe. What's the solar system, or any other system, to the—O'Mullingonian? Can ye clap any other beside it? I answer, 'No!'—Can ye bodder yourselves more beautifully? I answer, 'No!'—Can ye cut turf faster by any other system? I answer, 'No!"—Then have'nt ye been a parcel of ignorant moonshine-clapperdoggin puppies, to let Barney Cassidy, Esquire, yer schoolmaster, spelder ye, and bate ye, and chate ye, from the foundations of the civilized world?

"Arrah, get out! dosen't the O'Mullingonian system tache ye to translate words in all languages into something that'l mane them. Now every soul of them has but one maneing. For instance, if I meant to bate my wife Judy, sure I wouldn't go and bate no other of the muliebris generis like a baste as I would be. But, as I was saying, ye all know Phelim O'Dogherty: beautifully did he repate two lines of wild Irish, on which I had not given him more than fifty lessons: and delighted were ye to hear Miss O'Muggins and Miss O'Cohannypie so delicately and spiritedly repate the same, before ye all, in the chapel—the part, dears, honour'd all Ireland—and more they will, too, when ye know that they havn't been studying fluxions in my college more than three years, and yet they know, be the powers! they know what's twice one as well as ere a cow in all Kerry."

Now, I'll be after parsing a lesson to yees, honies! and, if ye don't be after feeling the highest felicity, arrah! bad luck to ye!

"Squire Phelim O'Dogherty, ye know now that the first letter of all larning can be translated into a maneing in nature that'l be as like as two eggs: spake it!"

"Lord love yer honour! how can ye suppose I've capabilities to give such an explanation, when deuce a bit I am farther than the 156th book of Newton's Principia!"

"Don't bother me with your blarney, now, Squire Phelim; sure the system'll whiz it int'ye. Stop, and I'll translate it for ye into the only symbol in nature which'll mane it. What name d'ye call the thing yer father is feeding the cows with?"

"Pratoes!"

"Thunder and turf! thunder and turf! yer out. Can't ye be after translating literally? Arrah! what grows in the fields?"

"Trees, and pigs, and turnips, yer honour!"

"O, Phelim! Phelim! I'm fear'd it'll take three sections to make a philosopher of ye; sure, I manes Hay: migroque similime cigno to A, the foundation of all the felicity of larning. Come here Miss Biddy M'Monaham, Esquire; how far is yourself up Parnassus?"

"Sure, the ten-thousandth word in St. Paddy's epistle to the Men in the Moon; the 748th proposition in the 99th book of Euclid, A B, ab; and the thirty sciences."

"That's a darling! that's a darling! Come here, swate Miss Biddy, Esquire, and parse me this beautiful lesson. What d'ye call that swate letter?"

"Hem!"

"So it is M, dear! Now, ye might a been larning on the solar system since the foundation of Kilkenny without knowing it. The next?

"High ho!"

"So it is, I, dear! Blessed system! Only been studying the thirty sciences for three years, eight months, and four days at the college, and can parse! Can parse, be the powers! I, at first sight, without boggling! The next, dear Miss Biddy, Esquire; think on, it's the opposite of Heaven?"

"Purgatory, yer honour!

"Arrah, bad luck to your translations! sure it's L, I mane. You can't tell the next, for yer not so far; but lissen till I tache ye on the system. What does your mammy open the door with?"

"A string, yer honour!"

"O! bad manners to Barney Cassidy for tacheing ye so many maneings, when there's only one! Sure it is a K. Now what is M I L K spelder? Mute as thunder! O Miss Biddy, Miss Biddy, Esquire! Parse wid yees, I say! What does yer mammy put in her tea? Spake! or by the powers I'll throw ye so far that a jingle shall be three whole weeks in fetching you back to the college again."

"O! it's rum, yer honour—I see, now, every word has but one maneing, for M I L K just spells Rum with the greatest felicity!"

Thus, yer honours, do the citizens of the Bogs of Kilkenny bask in all the sunshine of larning—and myself and Judy, and Paddy Bush, Esquire, from Tralee, the author of the Illiad, will be mighty glad to whiz the whole thirty sciences through every bull child of ye in a jiffy, by the most beautiful system ye ever clapt yer eyes on—no bateing or gnashing of teeth—no thingumbobs or thingumberries, but aise and comfort—so God save the King!

## *TO THE EDITOR.*

Sir,—Before I answer Mr. Macgowan's philippic, I think it right to acknowledge the candour of his attack; it is open and above-board. He comes forward in his own name, and skulks not behind an anonymous signature to vent what he would be ashamed to own. I have also to thank him, that he distinguishes between the Hamiltonian system and Mr. Hamilton. The personal character of the latter is, really, of little importance to the public; his personal weaknesses or infirmities are not those of the system which he advocates.

What interests the public, what vitally interests every parent, is, to know whether the system which I advocate be or be not *a good one*. Mr. Macgowan himself assures us that it is; here, then, is the only question fit for public discussion at once conceded. The *Hamiltonian system is a good one*, at least for twelve months! I have never asked more than five or six for any language; Mr. Macgowan is, therefore, more a Hamiltonian by one-half than I am myself, and yet he attacks me! For what? Want of courtesy to other teachers! In my prospectus and public lectures, I have, invariably, acknowledged the private worth, the unassuming, harmless integrity of the great body of teachers, considered as individuals. Their mode of tuition only I have attacked; and this is a privilege which every member of society has a right to exercise; but it became, especially, my duty. Having another and more efficient method of instruction to propose, it was incumbent on me to show that a change was necessary, and to prove, as I believe I have done, that nothing *is taught*, and very little is, or can be, *learned* in schools. I have appealed, on this head, to the personal experience of every individual, wishing them to make that alone the criterion by which to judge. No man has yet come forward to assure us that he had been *taught;* all acknowledge that they owe what they know to their own efforts, to their own genius, to their own diligence; and a little reflection would enable them to see, that they have not only learned without the assistance of their master, but in spite of his efforts to prevent them. I say, distinctly, that the system of the schools is calculated *to prevent* the progress of the boy in all useful knowledge, by obliging him to apply his whole time and talents to learn, by heart, the supposed laws of language, at a time when it is utterly impossible he should be able to comprehend their meaning, or to apply them usefully; thus putting it out of his power either to read the good authors in his own language, or to attain, in almost any number of years, a tolerable knowledge of another.

Every well-informed person can readily point out a dozen persons of his acquaintance who have studied the French or Latin languages for three, four, or five years, and yet are ready to acknowledge, that they know little or nothing of them. What are all Mr. Macgowan's personalities and puffings when opposed to such broad-day facts as these?

He acknowledges, that *I have taught my pupils to translate the Gospel of St. John in ten lessons.* Is not this all I have ever pretended or proposed to do in one section? Is not this all I was paid for doing? Is not this the very thing so long pronounced to be utterly impossible? The very thing, for proposing which I have been so often obliged to plead to the charges of quackery and imposture? The testimony of an enemy is, perhaps, stronger than the personal experience of above seventy persons in Liverpool, who paid for that degree of knowledge, and, as an acknowledgment that they had actually received it, paid their money for a second section of the language on the same plan. Why, then, am I attacked?

But, though I have taught my pupils the Gospel of St. John, I have not taught them 10,000 words, the whole Testament not having half that number in the Greek. Has Mr. Macgowan counted the inflections of all the Greek verbs in the Testament? I think not. He would have found, that, including these, the words of the Greek Testament amount to ten times that number. I cannot here compliment my adversary on his candour, for this has been repeatedly explained. In supposing 2,000 different words in St. John's Gospel, it may be supposed that there are, at least, 160 different verbs. By the analytical mode of translation, peculiar to the Hamiltonian system, and one of its fundamental principles, every mode, tense, and person of the verb is learned by the pupil, without the trouble of getting them by heart. In translating the latter chapters of St. John, there is scarcely an instance of a mistranslation of this nature in the largest class. Now each verb has 50 inflections, which, if multiplied by 160, the number of the verbs in this Gospel, will give 8,000, which, added to the 2,000 above mentioned, makes 10,000 words, learned in ten easy and pleasing lessons, according to my prospectus and advertisements. The challenge of Mr. Macgowan to bring my adult pupils from London, to have them compared with his, is, I am afraid, a little bombastic.

He is personally acquanted with many of my pupils; cannot he try his strength, or that of his boys, with some one of them? I have said that my pupils defy the competition of adepts as far as they have learned, those in Liverpool for the Gospel of St. John. If Mr. Macgowan himself can point out, with greater precision than they do, the grammatical construction of every phrase, and the precise meaning of every word, I have not accomplished all I have professed. Aye, but, says Mr. Macgowan, they cannot parse! The only use of parsing (except that of filling the master's pockets for months and years in endeavouring to acquire it) is to do what I distinctly aver my pupils do after ten lessons; that is, to point out the grammatical construction of the phrase, and the exact relation of every word in the sentence to every other: to translate, in short, each word in French by a corresponding part of speech in English. They know then this art already, *practically*, more perfectly than it can, in almost any time, be acquired on the common plan. But, Mr. Macgowan well knew, I had not yet mentioned the theory of this art to my pupils, and they would, therefore, certainly be unable to recite rules which his pupils have got by heart for years, I am afraid without understanding them.

I enclose you, Sir, two familiar phrases in French, and as many equally familiar in English. The note containing them

is to be opened only by one or two of Mr. Macgowan's pupils, calling at your office, and declaring themselves ready to translate the former in the manner abovementioned, and to parse the latter, which they are to do in writing, and upon the spot. Should they be able to do it, I shall publicly declare my belief, that Mr. Macgowan's school is not liable to *all* the objections I have made to others, and that "he does communicate, or at least that his pupils learn, some part of that knowledge which he is paid for communicating." Should he refuse it, I appeal to the public, if all he has said of his boys of eleven years old be not idle gasconade. The phrases contain no *idiom*, and may be solved by the general rules of grammar.

But Mr. Macgowan has taught on my system for several years, or upon a system so like it that it differs only in *principle and practice*. Mr. Macgowan does not know the alphabet of the Hamiltonian system; he is ignorant of its very first principles, the first word taught in the very first section. *An*, says Mr. Macgowan, is *at the* or *in the*. The dative case of the definite article rendered by the ablative in an analytical translation! Surely Mr. Macgowan's boys, of eleven years, would be ashamed of such a solecism. Mr. Macgowan taught a boy during three years, from two and a half to three hours a day, the Latin language, and this boy was taught three years more without being any thing extraordinary. Is not this as bitter a satire as ever was penned on the system of the schools? Is not Mr. Macgowan their libeller, if truth be a libel, and not I? Had he taught the same boy two hours and a half a day during *three* months, he would, most certainly, have taught him more than he acquired in his six years' course; but, I repeat it, from his own showing, he never made him translate a single line on the Hamiltonian system, for the best of all reasons, because he did not know how.

JAMES HAMILTON.

## THE POINT OF HONOUR.

### *TO THE EDITOR.*

SIR,—I have searched the pages of your useful miscellany for the few last weeks, with a warmer feeling of curiosity than usual, in the hope that some of its able contributors would have been induced to offer a few remarks upon the question proposed in the number for May 25. Your correspondent, signed *P.* has concisely delivered his or her sentiments; but on a subject so interwoven with the daily events of life, it has appeared to me that a fuller investigation might be profitable. I am no advocate for leading the young into the labyrinths of love, or initiating them into the mysteries of intrigue; but I am of opinion, that a few plain notions, early inculcated upon the mind as principles of conduct, would be a better preservative than ignorance, against present folly or future misery; and that, if the nature of an engagement were better understood, so many instances would not occur of its being rashly entered into. The subject is generally discountenanced by all prudent mothers, and not unfrequently the blushing girl of seventeen is called upon to decide a question that materially influences her future happinness, before she has heard one single enumeration of the requisites to promote a happy marriage, or the duties which matrimony involves. Who that values the heart's first feelings, nature's purest offering, would not seek to guard it from a worthless attack, and prevent its becoming the spoil of him whom novelty alone can please, and whom novelty will again attract from her whose inexperience has rendered her an easy prey to specious manners and a designing address. I am not unwilling to hope that a little prudent advice, affectionately given by older friends, would prevent many imprudent attachments; nor should we fear of so many broken engagements, if juster notions prevailed, or consequences were a little more considered. I would still discountenance the novel or love-tale; unfortunately they too seldom contain rules for the guidance of life; but I would seriously warn, before temptation is encountered: when the imagination is already excited, how seldom is the sober voice of reason listened to, and how very rarely is "the virgin's first love" given to the man to whom she solemnly plights her vows at the altar! It is difficult to believe that a man can be won by the charm of a first love, can value the purity of a first engagement, yet rove himself from heart to heart, and pledge vows that have scarcely a moon's duration; but such is life. I would hope for the honour of human nature, that such individuals are not numerous, but it is nevertheless true, that, though few, they may do much mischief; they are the most insinuating characters, those formed with all that can please the eye, and endowed with all that can win the heart, who alone possess this power; the very facility with which they make a conquest, leads them to undervalue it. I have known many instances where a pure and ingenuous mind, that wished "to give freely, where it gave at all," had to mourn the dereliction of a heart that perhaps once sincerely offered to her its homage. Such characters, how highly soever gifted, cannot long retain our esteem, and repeated weaknesses render them in danger of becoming objects of our contempt. I consider an engagement, Mr. Editor, as a solemn compact; I would not have it entered into lightly; but when once a man has avowed a preference for a woman, openly sought her as his wife, unconditionally pledged to her his faith, and received in return her vow of truth, though repeated not upon an altar, nor hallowed by the blessing of man, the eye of Heaven was upon him, and if he causelessly desert her, the judgment of Heaven will be pronounced against him. Nor will he here entirely escape retribution: should he even afterwards prove fortunate in marriage, and the caresses of an amiable woman succeed in soothing the reproaches of conscience, when he is a father, remembrance will awake, and in watching over the first dawning of love in the bosom of his child, how will he dread lest her innocent heart should be given to one who would "gain her affections, then leave her to die." —I could imagine cases where youthful companionship, parental influence, or strong affection, artlessly shown, might have led to a preference mistaken for love, till some other object, by awakening a much stronger feeling, occasioned a painful conflict between inclination and honour;—such a struggle I would terminate by proving that I sought the happiness of the man I loved, beyond any selfish consideration. I might lament that he had not more fully investigated the grounds of his preference ere he avowed the wish to obtain me as his wife; but in no case whatever would I, after a change of sentiment, require the fulfilment of an engagement; and if honour had strictly regulated his actions previously to his acquainting me with the alteration in his feelings, I would not refuse him my esteem;—he should be free to seek the woman he loved; and when time had thrown the softening veil of distance over painful remembrances, the friendship of both should repay me for the sacrifice. If preserved by an honourable communication from that stroke of agony which falls upon the brain at the moment of discovering that the being you had almost worshipped is acting towards you with the most insiduous dishonour; if spared that desolation of feeling, that can only be compared to the whirlwind's ravages,—bow with thankfulness to your fate:—the sunshine of your existence may have vanished, and cheerless skies alone may seem to surround you; but, exempt from the storms of an unhappy marriage, or that more fatal blight to happiness, the misery of watching over a wandering heart, deem not that every joyous feeling is for ever withered: the buds of brightest promise may have been blasted; but if religion were at the root, and reason had lent its aid in the culture, the blight would not be perpetual; its proud luxuriancy might be crushed, but the plant would still revive, and, kindly fostered, would bring forth fruit in season. Not to feel a disappointment of this nature deeply, would argue an insensible heart; to sink under it would betray a weak or an ill-regulated mind. May my fair friends bow with meekness and humility to the strokes, if ever the great Disposer of events should show them the instability of all earthly hopes; may they seek for consolation where it is never sought in vain, and endeavour to raise their affections, chastened by sorrow, and purified in the furnace of affliction, from the sinful creature to the great Creator.

I fear intruding too much upon your amusing pages, Mr. Editor, but the subject has awakened remembrances that had long since slumbered; and days of "auld lang syne," with all their painful associations, have been recalled to my recollection; but if this record of real feelings can excite one serious thought in the minds of the unthinking, or raise a sigh of contrition in the breast of the erring,—the distant prospect of effecting so slight a good will reflect a cheering beam upon the heart of

*Manchester, August* 3, 1824. CORINNE.

## To Correspondents.

ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.—This interesting article, recommended to our notice by *A Scotchman*, is in preparation for insertion in our next.

A WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR'S translations from the Greek shall appear; but we must decline accompanying them with the Greek. The trouble which Greek characters give to our compositors more than counterbalances any interest they possess with the public.

HYDROPHOBIA.—We have been requested by several friends, both in Liverpool and the country, to copy into the *Kaleidoscope* an editorial article on this subject, which appeared recently in the *Mercury*. Our friends are pleased to say, that it is better calculated than any thing they have seen on the subject to allay, in some degree, the very extravagant panic which is now so prevalent. In order that we may comply with this request of our friends, we shall publish a gratuitous supplement either this week or next, in which we shall introduce the paper on hydrophobia, together with a letter of *J. E.* on the same subject, which we inadvertently omitted to acknowledge.

MUSIC.—Our supplementary number will enable us to give a place to an original waltz, with which we have been favoured by the composer, Mr. James Walker, teacher of music in this town. It occupies a whole page, and might be thought an intrusion upon our columns by those who feel no interest in music. They cannot, however, reasonably complain at what is gratuitously delivered.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.—The gentlemen who compose this critical junto are so extremely severe, and, in our opinion, uncandid, that it seldom happens that we agree with them in anything. If we are correct in our conjectures, as to the identity of these cynical gentlemen, we advise them especially to say nothing about music, as the little they do say is generally very "much abroad." We may be asked, why insert critiques to which we have such well-founded objections? Our answer is, that other people may form very different estimates of their merits, as well as of their candour and justice. Whilst we offer an occasional column to strictures, with more claims to taste than to judgment or kind feeling, we beg it to be distinctly understood, that we disclaim any participation whatever in the opinions and severe judgments of the *The Council of Ten*, whose prominent characteristic seems to be an overweening conceit in their own discernment, and a callous indifference to the feelings of others. Why should they single out any individual in the way they have noticed Mrs. Aldridge? (by-the-bye, one of the cleverest women on this or any other stage;) nor is the sneer at Mr. Hunt in better taste. Mr. Hunt is one of the best singing actors we have seen: his voice is somewhat peculiar, but his ear is excellent, his taste considerable, and his action is graceful and appropriate. In short, if the Council of Ten would send their manuscript earlier to the office, so that we could know what they say before it is in print, we should often offer a word or two, expressive of our dissent from their judgment. We had almost omitted observing, that the strictures on the managers are particularly *mal apropos*, at a time when the theatrical company is so strong and attractive as at present.

*An Irish Subscriber* may be supplied with the index to the last volume of the *Kaleidoscope* on applying to the agent from whom he takes the work. There has been no neglect on our parts, as we sent Messrs. De Joncourt and Harvey a regular supply early last month.

The NUT-SHELL, an original translation by L. MAN, is preparing for the next *Kaleidoscope*.

We have further to acknowledge the favours of *Rusticus*—*J. D.*—*Quiz*—*Observator and O. B.*

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